Taber Free Press

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U. S. Immigration Officials Deport Canadian Family

Strathroy, Ont., April 12.—A case of American over-officiousness has just come to light whereby Government officials at Port Huron, Mich., exceeded their authority in no small degree. About a year and a half ago, Arthur Wilton, of Caradoc, went to Pontiac, Mich., where he obtained employment in a factory, and saved enough to purchase a house and lot. Wilton came back to Canada recently to take his wife and family to Pontiac. He took his household effects and part of his family with him. He crossed the border without any objections.

Last Saturday, his wife, accompanied by her three children and a lady friend, left to join her husband. When they reached Port Huron they were stopped by officials, where they were subjected to no little inconvenience.

They were, according to Mrs. Wilton's story, locked in a small room and asked all kinds of questions, and were finally sent back to Canada at midnight. The little band returned to Strathroy, where they got their first meal since leaving here. Mrs. Wilton has suffered greatly from nervous shock. The youngest child was a babe a year and a half old.

States Would Fare Badly in the Event of War with Japan

New York, April 12.—"I have never predicted any war with Japan" said Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, last night in a speech before the Commercial Travellers' National Merchant Marine Association, "but I have suggested it and predicted what would happen.

"Jacob Schiff has intimated that we shall have war with Japan. He was fiscal agent in this country for Japan at the time of the Russo-Japanese war and I should accept his opinion above that of our secretary of state who says that there will be no war. I note that a French admiral has advised France to build a navy to prepare for the complications that will beset France, Russia, Japan and the United States. Until the navy department forbade the employment of Japanese, the Japanese navy department had its officers on board American battleships.

"Japan has 50 merchant ships in commission now and about as many more under construction. We have six. In the event of war the Japanese could put 200,000 soldiers in the Hawaiian Islands in one month because she has the ships. We could not put 100,000 soldiers there in one year because we have not the ships. On any foggy day, Japan could land 100,000 men on the Pacific coast and they could capture our sea forts from the rear before the forts could be prepared for landward defence."

"In the late trip of the battleship fleet around the world we hired the ships of twenty-five nations to act as colliers. Not one of these ships would be available for us in the event of war, and when war comes, a battleship without coal will be found more useless than a battleship without guns. I am in favor of the proposed appropriation of $129,000,000 for our navy, but I am not ready to get a million or more."

The travelling men applauded Mr. Shaw enthusiastically and one of their speakers afterwards said they hoped to enlist 200,000 members throughout the country in a movement to bring pressure on Congress to enact legislation looking toward the establishment of American lines to South American ports, the Orient and the Philippines.

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How Canada Acquired Her Buffaloes

THE extraordinary difficulties encountered in rounding up the last great herd of buffaloes is told by C. A. Carter in Munsey's magazine.

By virtue of the shrewd public spirit of the Canadian government, through the United States government's failure to seize a proffered opportunity, a splendid herd of 730 bison, the last wild survivors of the species, is now the property of the Dominion. The United States government might have kept these magnificent animals on American soil, where sentiment demanded that they should remain. But they are gone now, and the only consolation left to those patriotic citizens who mourn their loss is that the Canadians had to earn their buffalo before they got them.

In order to move the monarchs of the prairie from Montana, where they were bred, to Wittermost Alberta, it was necessary to ship them by rail. Before they could be shipped they had to be rounded up, of course, and corralled. The "rounding up" and "corral" are not precisely the words to use in this connection, for they are associated with the driving of domestic cattle, whose spirit has been broken by ages of submission to man's dominion. Besides, they fail to convey any conception of the two years of desperate endeavor by the flower of Montana's cowboys, and of the heroic resistance offered by those true Americans, the buffalo. It was more like a war of extermination, in which many a brave son died fighting with his last breath and in which the survivors suffered what to them was worse than death—removal from their native pastures.

To whatever it may be likened, this last great scrics of buffalo-hunts was an event which has no parallel in history, and which is not likely to be repeated.

I must begin at the beginning of the story. In 1884, Michel Pablo, of Missoula, Montana, and a neighbor, C. A. Allard, bought 13 young buffalo from a Pend d'Oreille Indian, the progeny of four calves which the Indian had captured a few years before. Nine years later, Pablo and Allard added to their growing herd 20 head purchased from Buffalo Jones. Upon Allard's death, soon after, Pablo became sole owner.

The buffalo were allowed to run wild in the Bitter Root mountains, on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. Pablo's only care was to protect them from hunters and to prevent them from straying. He sold a few head occasionally, but looked to the future for a profit on his investment.

In 1906, it was announced that the Flathead reservation was to be thrown open to settlement. As this meant that he was to be deprived of his range, Pablo realized that he must dispose of his buffalo. He hurried to Washington with a proposal to sell the entire herd to the government. President Roosevelt approved the idea; but congress declined to make the necessary appropriation, and that was the end of the matter.

Hearing of this turn of affairs, Alexander Ayotte, Canadian commissioner of immigration, suggested to Howard Douglas, commissioner of Dominion parks, that here was a chance to obtain some highly desirable stock for Canada's national parks. The matter was laid before the minister of the interior, Frank Oliver; parliament promptly granted money for the purchase, and Douglas was instructed to take the first train for Montana and buy the buffalo. A contract was closed for the entire herd at $200 a head, and Douglas paid $10,000 down to bind the bargain. Pablo thought he had 300 of the animals, but as he wasn't sure about it, he would only sign a contract to deliver 250 head or the entire herd, whatever the number might be.

One day early in May, 1907, Commissioner Douglas appeared at Missoula to claim his herd of buffalo. He was attended by a retinue of enthusiastic Canadian newspaper correspondents and other loyal subjects of King Edward, who had invited themselves up to see the fun. These volunteer spectators imagined that all there was to do was to go and get the buffalo. Literally speaking, this was true; but if they had dreamed how much was involved in the getting, they would have prepared for a longer stay than any of them contemplated.

The first round-up was the easiest of the series of five great hunts, though this does not imply that it was a simple task. Pablo, who knew the country and thought he knew the buffalo, managed it, with the aid of 20 cowboys.

It did not take long to disclose the fact that the herd was very much larger than its owner had supposed. By two weeks of hard riding from dawn to dark, Pablo and his cowboys managed to get 200 buffalo

The corral is enclosed by a fence nine feet high, made of two-inch planks spiked to posts set eight feet apart. It was a good fence (but the buffalo did not treat it with much respect. One old bull, who chanced to take exception to the conduct of a cowboy on the other side of it, charged through the fence as if it had not been there. Another, to show his contempt for such a flimsy affair, inserted his horns under a plank, and, ripping it off with a single toss of his head, threw it over his back a dozen feet to the rear. Still another made a swipe at a panel of fence, and cut such an extraordinary gash with one horn that Commissioner Douglas measured it at the first opportunity. It was an inch and three-quarters deep and three feet eight inches long.

Clearly, such animals as these could not be shipped loose in an ordinary stock car; so it was arranged to drop a rope around the neck of each buffalo as it passed up the loading chute, and to lash the animal securely to the car as soon as it could be got inside. Arrangements being completed the loading began. All the Canadians, the entire population of Ravalli and all the railroad men who happened to be in town at the time, gathered to see the performance.

After nearly an hour of hard work by the full force of cowboys, a bull was finally headed up the chute. At the right instant, a man dropped a noose over the animal's neck. At the touch of the rope the bull made a spring which landed him in the car; but, quick as a flash, on finding himself in a trap, he whirled about and came out again.

There was the usual stock-yards arrangement of two heavy gates about eight feet long, made of two-inch planks bolted together, which were swung out on either side to make a passage from the corral across the loading platform to the car. As he came out, the bull caught the left-hand gate on his horns, tore it from its hinges and started diagonally across the platform to jump back among his fellows in the corral, instead of going down the chute.

Commissioner Douglas, Commissioner Ayotte and Mr. McMullen, the livestock agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, had chosen a position on the top of the fence beside that particular gate as a sort of stage-box from which to see everything that happened. They were almost touching the gate when the bull ripped it loose and prepared to spring toward them, with the timbers hanging on his horns. There was no time to climb out of the charging animal's way. They could not do anything but just let themselves drop into the corral, nine feet below.

The three men hit the ground in a heap, right among the buffalo, while the bull, still carrying the gate on his horns, leaped over them. All were stunned momentarily by the fall, and McMullen broke an arm. The men spectators yelled, the women screamed and the uproar so disconcerted the buffalo that none had the presence of mind to seize the opportunity of goring their helpless enemies, who were quickly rescued. All three were firmly convinced that the yelling alone saved their lives.

After McMullen had been cared for and the excitement had subsided, the spectators once more took their places and the attempt at loading was renewed. No one wanted a seat on the fence this time, but the car-roof was well filled. Commissioner Ayotte, a dignified Canadian Frenchman, stationed himself on the opposite side of the car from the corral, and peered through the cracks.

Thirty minutes of strenuous endeavor induced another bull to venture into the chute. Like the first, the instant he felt the rope touch his neck he sprang forward as if shot out of a gun. The cowboys had learned wisdom now, so a turn had been taken around a post and a dozen men held the loose end determined to keep the animal inside the car if they ever got him there. Before they could take up the slack, however, the bull made a leap at the farther side of the car, went through it as if it were made of paper, and hung there with half his body outside. But for the rope, he would have gone clear through.

When he saw the bull coming straight at him, Mr. Ayotte started to step back, but he was not quick enough to escape altogether. He received enough of the force of the concussion to make him stagger. The bull had struck the car with such terrific violence that he nearly knocked it off the tracks. All the spectators on the roof were thrown down and some fell off the car. One, a half-breed Indian, landed fairly on Ayotte's head as the half-stunned commissioner tottered backward.

The damaged car was removed, another was put in its place, and the task was resumed. The next bull that went up the chute charged through the car, striking against its side with such violence that he broke his neck and fell dead.

It took an hour and thirty minutes to get the first buffalo —a fine young bull—housed in a car and safely anchored with a rope passed around his neck and secured to uprights on each side. But the other end of the bull was still free, and he proceeded to get it into action without delay. There was a dark brown flash as a heavy heel swung back, and a crash as a plank was ripped off the side of the car. Crack, crack, crack, went those heels, like the reports from a machine gun sending a shower of splinters on each side until nothing was left within reach.

As soon as it could be done, the bull was taken out of the car into which he had been forced with so much labor. Ultimately he was secured in another car, with two-inch planks lashed inside, so that he could not have room to swing his heels. In this way every buffalo had to be secured. Eight big bulls or ten cows with calves were all that could be put into a car, and it required from half an hour to an hour and a half to load each buffalo.

One magnificent bull, the monarch of the herd, 25 years old, was resolved not to go to Canada. He was finally driven into the chute, and a rope was placed around his neck; but he was so powerful that not enough men could get hold of the rope to drag him into the car. Every trick that the ingenuity of the cowboys could suggest was tried. His heels were tickled, and tin cans were jangled behind him, with the idea that he would kick and be thrown off his balance, so that he might be jerked a few inches; but he scorned such puerile devices.

Finally he lay down in the chute and refused to get up. Finding that he meant to resist to the death, the cowboys left him lying there overnight, in the hope that he might think better of it by morning; but in the morning he was dead. As there were no signs of physical injury to be found, the cowboys unanimously agreed that the indignities to which he had been subjected had broken the old monarch's heart.

Altogether, a month of hard work was required to get the first shipment of 199 head started for Canada. A second shipment of 204 head was made in September of the same year, at an expenditure of six weeks' toil and trouble, enlivened by quite as many spectacular incidents as had marked the first round-up.

It was then found that about three hundred buffalo still remained on the range. Elaborate plans were laid to finish shipping these in the autumn of 1908. Pablo himself selected a horse-shoe bend in the Pend d'Oreille river in which to corral the buffalo, where escape would be impossible. The river at this point was 525 feet wide and 19 feet deep. Encircling the bend on the opposite side of the stream was a perpendicular bank, no where less than 50 feet high, apparently impossible for any four-footed creature to climb.

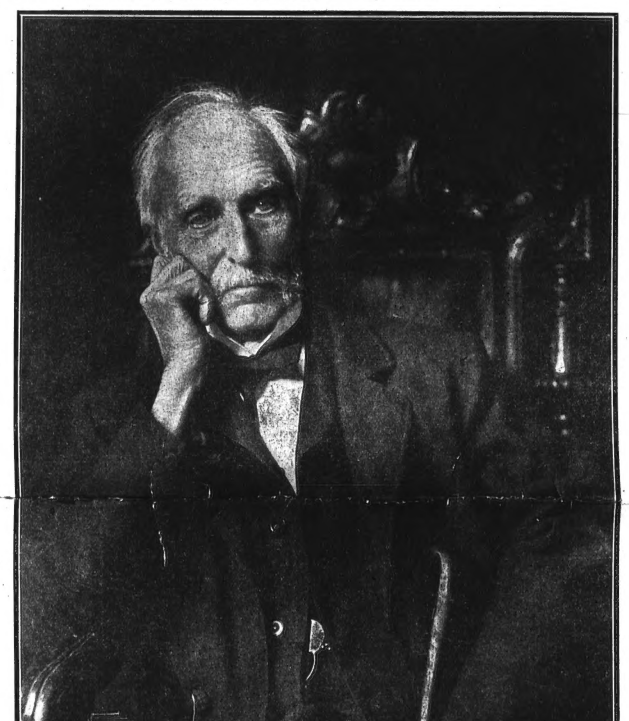
By building a fence across the neck of the bend, a corral of several acres was made. The fence was to be buffalo-proof. It was built of logs eight inches in diameter at the small end, laid one aboye another, making a solid wall nine feet high. This wall was strengthened on each side with posts six feet apart, with their ends set four feet in the ground and their tops lashed together with wire.

Opposite the corral was a coulee which led down the slope from the Pablo range to the river. Wing fences were built along the sides of the coulee for 12 miles on one side and seven miles on the other. The fences wer wide apart at their outer ends, drawing together like a funnel at the river, across which boom-logs were stretched, so that the buffalo could not swim around the corral and escape. All this required an immense amount of labor but Pablo wanted to have a pen that could be counted on to hold his buffalo.

After six weeks of hard work, the entire bunch of more than 300 head was finally encircled and headed toward the corral. Two-thirds of them broke away and escaped before they could be cooped up between the wing fences. The rest headed down the coulee, swam the river and entered the enclosure. At 4 o'clock one afternoon there were 114 buffalo in the corral. To secure them, it was only necessary to swing a boom down the river in deep water, so they could not swim back to the coulee. Pablo and his weary men slept the sleep of triumph that night.

Next morning there was not a buffalo in the corral. All of them had swum the river to the perpendicular clay bank and made a trail diagonally up its face, cutting down the clay with their forefeet a little at a time, taking many a tumble into the water in the process, until at last they had as neat a 12 per cent grade to the top as any engineer could have built.

It was too late in the season to make any further attempts at shipping that year, so the discomfited cowboys rode home with nothing but a herd of worn-out, broken-down horses to show for their six weeks' toil. In the following spring, however, Charles Allard, a son of Pablo's old partner, a splendid horseman and one of the best cowboys in the west, offered to "swing the range" for a matter of $2,000. A bargain was made on that basis, and on May 9, he started out with a band of picked men.



MR. GOLDWIN SMITH

For three days the gang rode the range, cautiously driving small bunches of buffalo together, taking special pains not to stampede them. As they were driven in the opposite direction to that which they had taken in previous round-ups the buffalo went readily enough. At the end of three days, a herd of 340 had been assembled within an area of five square miles.

Next day it was planned to turn them and begin the 60-mile drive toward Ravalli. According to a carefully arranged scheme, the cowboys closed in on all sides at a certain hour to start the turning movement toward a big draw leading down the mountainside of the Pend d'Oreille river. It was fearful riding over extremely rough country. Horse after horse dropped exhausted, but the remuda was kept close up, and the men were remounted with but little delay.

One at a time by twos, threes and half-dozens, the buffalo bolted and escaped so that by nightfall only 103 were driven into a corral 20 miles from Ravalli. All the horses were used up, and the men were equally exhausted, so there was no choice but to rest; and during the night, the buffalo, which were not even winded, escaped.

Hope of driving these "outlaws," as they were called, to the railroad was now abandoned. Instead, it was planned to drive them in small parties into a corral 36 miles from Ravalli and to haul them, one at a time, in cage wagons to the station.

Another start was promptly made, with an outfit of 48 horses and 18 men, the best cowboys in Montana. After two weeks' riding, reinforcements of ten men and 50 horses were procured. Every day, Sundays included, the heartbreaking task proceeded, the cowboys often starting out at 4 o'clock in the morning and not getting back to camp until night. Every day men were thrown, bruised and battered. Pablo's favorite horse broke a leg; another wrenched its back so that it had to be killed, and others were done for in various ways. For continuous, grilling work, it was a round-up without a parallel in the history of the range. Yet many a day the gang returned without a hoof. The most successful day's work brought in 20 head.

Loading into the wagons was quite as difficult as loading into cars, but the men now had the advantage of experience. The eight wagons were placed end to end, and opens up into a single long passage. Once a buffalo was started, it would make a dash for the farther end, and men stationed on the last wagon could drop a gate behind it. The animal was then securely tied.

The process, however, was rarely so simple as this. More often the buffalo had to be dragged into the wagons by main strength. Twenty or so men would have an advantage of the rope around the animal's neck, while others would dangle the ends or bags behind it, to tease it into kicking, and so throw it off its balance. In this way, if the men on the rope were quick enough and pulled out together, they might gain half a yard or so before the buffalo could get its feet down again.

One Sunday afternoon, John and Joe Decker were riding close together, trying to drive a bull, when the animal whirled and charged. John was so near that he could not get out of the way. Seeing that Joe tried to dodge, the bull swerved to meet the bull, but fumbled and lost his chance. The bull sank both horns in the side of John's horse and, lifting it clear of the ground, carried both steed and rider 100 yards at full run before throwing them to the ground. Fortunately for Decker, he fell clear of the horse, and near enough to the fence, to escape, while the bull stopped to gore the dead animal.

The round-up that began on May 9 ended on June 30, with 130 buffalo still at large.

The casualties were five horses gored to death and twenty-five buffalo killed; but when the cowboys finally limped into Ravalli, they were said to be "the worst used-up outfit that ever took part in a round-up."

THE AGE OF NIAGARA

SO the question: "How old are the Niagara Falls?" geologists have returned replies varying by tens of thousands of years. At first it was estimated that the Niagara River came into existence, through changes in the level of the land around the Great Lakes, about fifty-five thousand years ago. Later this was reduced to only twelve thousand years. Lyell increased the estimate again to thirty-five thousand years, and still later other scientists lowered it to about nine thousand years.

At one period, many thousands of years ago, the height of the falls was four hundred and twenty feet.

New Map of the World

ON a proposition made several years ago by Albrech Penck, professor of geography in the University of Berlin, and adopted by the Geneva conference two years ago, a new map of the world is to be made. This proposition was more recently discussed at an international conference held in London, at which all the great European nations, the United States, Canada, Egypt, India, and Japan were represented, and the plans were brought to a point where it is only necessary to take practical steps to put them into effect. Great Britain has undertaken to construct a sample sheet on the plans adopted as a specimen and working model.

This new map of the world will be what is known as a hypsometric map, and the contour lines will be drawn in brown at intervals of 100 metres or in decimal multiples or submultiples of that measure. The interval of 100 metres will be used up to a certain altitude, beyond which the interval for a further altitude will be 200 metres, the interval increasing at certain stages up to 7,000 metres and above. The spaces between will be tinted in, green for the lower altitudes, and then in different shades of brown, increasing in darkness of color to a certain altitude, where the brown will merge into other tints. Altitudes above 7,000 metres will be left white. The sea will be shown by blue tint, increasing in darkness according to depth. All other waters will likewise be in blue, special symbols being used to indicate rivers perennial, non-perennial, and unsurveyed, the navigability of rivers, obstructions of various kinds, salt and fresh marshes, swamps, and mountains. There will also be special characters to indicate main and secondary roads; for railways, built, projected, and in course of construction; telegraphs, post-offices, boundaries (both international and provincial), and towns both great and small.

The sheet for each country will be entirely independent, and the projection adopted will permit every sheet to fit exactly together with each of the four sheets adjoining its four sides. These conditions are made possible by adopting what is known as a modified polyconic projection; that is, by making it a plane instead of a spherical surface. Each sheet, therefore, will be independent as far as it goes, and it will not be necessary for any one to have the entire map unless it is desired. All the sheets of the United States pasted together, not including Alaska, will make a map about eighteen feet east and west by about twelve feet north and south.

There is no uniformity whatever in existing maps of the world, and the advantage of having a map of the entire world upon a uniform scale and a uniform base for geology, as well as topography, is a thing to be appreciated.

The expense of the map is to be paid by the respective governments, by geographical societies, and other official and unofficial organizations, and each government will adopt its own plan of distributing the results of its work to the public.

THE COLDEST CITY ON EARTH

THE coldest inhabited place in the world is unodubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than three degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of eighty-five below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude sixty-seven degrees, on the dreary Arctic plain, scarcely more than one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian government purposes to have an administrative centre for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trading "Jews of Siberia," carry on their operations.

All its inhabitants, save a few officials and other Russians, are Yakuts. This does not prevent its being a place of some importance, for the Yakuts are the most progressive people in northern Siberia, excelling the Russians themselves in enterprise and adaptability to Siberian conditions of existence.

The average temperature of the winter in Verkhoyansk is fifty-three degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The rivers freeze to the bottom, and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is, it is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The air is still, too, which makes the cutting snow-storms of the Siberian winter less severe.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this Arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the outer fur side outward. With his hood down, and just enough space left to see out of and to breathe through, the Verkhoyansker is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of eighty below than many an American in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of five above zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is fifty-nine above zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to one hundred degrees.

THE CHARM OF KISSING

ONCE more the warning goes out that kissing is dangerous. This time it is voiced by Miss Ellen M. la Motte, the ranking officer in Dr. Bosley's corps of fair and accomplished nurses. The cynic of lip and lip, says Miss La Motte, acords an ideal opportunity for the voyaging of pathogenic organisms. Most of these germs, when they enter the body at all, do so by way of the mouth. Of such sort are the germs of diphtheria, tuberculosis, meningitis, influenza, the simple cold and all the familiar juvenile plagues. Therefore, it is thoughtless and often cruel to kiss, and sometimes suicidal to be kissed.

Thus speaks science, and its mandate should be observed as to babies and by invalids. But the great majority of folks will, no doubt, keep on kissing. We have often referred to the enormous popularity of the exercise. Why do people kiss? The act itself is ridiculous as a spectacle and unsatisfying as an amusement. Its sole physical accompaniment is a feeling of suffocation, and on the psychic side it is frequently embarrassing, particularly if an unexpected audience reveals charms and other pleasures, such as solfeggio, eating, and automobiling, for example. Kissing will never build up the race nor soothe the neurasthenic.

But still it thrives, and, so jeremiads on its perils will ever work its abolition. The man who makes a practice of kissing the fair sex is a man attracted rather than repelled by danger. He knows that every kiss he steals is full of fearful hazards. The chief herself may black his eye, stab may choose to regard his idle favor as an offer of marriage or accept him before he can escape. Yet again, her father or brothers, detecting him with his arm around her neck and his eyes gazing into her forehead, may rush in and hail him as a relative, touching him for small loans, calling him by his which relatives-in-law affect. Finally, the mother of the girl for his rheumatism and red nose, and her little sisters may giggle every time they see him.

A SPIDER'S ODD ADVENTURES

THERE was once a spider that went through at least two battles and took a long journey by sea and land, all without mishap. The first time this particular spider came into notice was just before the fight at Tanis, in Upper Egypt. It had taken up its quarters in the ventilator of the helmet of a British officer. The officer left it unmolested, and when he went into the Atbara fight it was still in his helmet. Men were killed all about this officer, but he and his spider were unhurt. Omdurman the officer commanded a battery, and once more the spider was in action.

When the African troubles were over, the British officer packed articles to be sent home, and among them the helmet that had seen action. Inside that helmet was the spider. Not until too late did the officer remember that he had sent his little friend on a long voyage without stocking its larder, but nothing could now be done to help it.

When the British officer reached London, it was with some compunction that he opened the helmet-box, expecting to see the dead body of the spider. He was, however, rejoiced Upon the way the occupants of the helmet had increased in number. for now two young spiders shared the strange retreat.

HOW THE LATEST FASHIONS ARE INVENTED

(By Mme. Paquin)

BY what magic do you create such fashions? What are the secrets of your art? From what hidden sources do you obtain the designs which have made the name of Paquin so famous in the world of fashion?'' Not once, but many times have these questions been put to me, and I can only reply that I employ no magic art, have no secrets, and no secret source to which I go for designs and inspiration for new fashions.

You will smile when I tell you how some of the most successful fashions have originated. A pretty and quaint collar so much worn by ladies two or three seasons ago was nothing but a replica of the coat-collar for soldiers of an Austrian regiment. The smock worn by German railway porters originated an entirely new line in fashionable gowns, and the loose garment of the Egyptian fellah became the caftan-shaped costume which was all the rage. What had suggested it to me was simply the peculiar apron of the fellah, and the folds of the simple tunic universally worn by the Egyptian peasant women.

Travel to me becomes a kind of gigantic picture book. I am always on the look-out for ideas, and when I wish to create models with those ideas I try them in numberless ways on the prettiest of my ''mannequins'' until I feel satisfied with one arrangement—which then becomes a model. Often we alter the color or shape of a particular dress a score of times before reaching the satisfactory style and harmony. On the other hand, by some amazing miracle we succeed at times at the very first attempt, and need to make no alterations whatever.

Not only do I secure ideas from modern dress, but I explore our picture galleries, study sculptural work in museums, and pore over old plates. How often has one of my ideas for a new gown originated in the folds of a certain classic statue or the happy combination of colors in a certain picture! Costumes of the past interest me passionately, but only to stimulate inspiration, for, while interesting myself in the past, I have always an ambition to create new designs.

Sometimes, however, it takes weeks and months to develop an idea. I am something like an author, who for a long time carries ideas in his or her head, and who then little by little accumulates the materials—all the materials necessary to complete and to make the idea of value. And then, one fine day, the entire thing appears before my eyes, all ready except for the making, so that most of the so-called new fashions you see have been long premeditated.

But how do I actually work out an idea, the reader may naturally ask. I deal with a dress as a painter does with a picture, or a sculptor does with a statue. Instead, however, of using brush and palette or chiselling tools, I simply use scissors and pins. First I sketch, as it were, on the model itself. I use soft material which adapts itself easily to the contours, for it is the lines I seek to create, alter, and study, a part of my work which strongly resembles the work of the sculptor. Then comes the question of colors. I ''play'' with various materials—lace, ribbons, flounces, and embroidery. I place them together; I fold them and crush them lightly to see the effect. Lines, harmony of color, gradually and surely suggest themselves to me, and suddenly I have a gown before my eyes—a new idea, a new model.

I dress Royalty, society ladies and actresses, but I believe that I am particularly interested in dressing actresses, for in the latter case I have to think, not only of the woman herself, but also of the part for which the gown is meant. I must suit the particular type of beauty of the actress, and yet harmonize with the book of the play, with the part, and with the stage itself. There are double difficulties to confront, and it is always a joy to overcome obstacles.

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DAME FASHION'S DECREES

JUST why one material is given the preference over all others is impossible to say, but it is all in line with everything that has to do with fashion, and especially fashion as regards dress. Some color, some model and some fabric will suddenly spring into prominence and at once be ''the rage,'' often identically the same that has been before the public for season after season without even attracting attention.

It is one of the secrets of trade, and a secret not to be indiscreetly divulged, and the feminine population, as a rule, is well content to accept blindly the dictates of fashion as regards colors and materials, thereby saving a lot of time and thought, for the woman who would be known as smartly

Mauve Liberty Satin Gown Embroidered in Silver

gowned has a task in these days that involves far more energy than the world at large can imagine.

There are materials popular year after year, and apparently no change of style or fashion affects them. Chiffon has led a charmed life for a longer time than would be credited, and still survives and is in constant use. Silks, satins, velvets all vary in popularity as regards design and weave, velvet being singularly sensitive to criticism. Of late years there has been a much more practical view taken of materials, and in consequence life is far more bearable. Not only is a determined effort made to produce materials suitably light and cool for summer, but correspondingly heavy and warm for winter, while at the same time fashion decrees the wearing in heated houses of the same thin fabrics that are appropriate for summer.

* * *

In consequence the whole question of dress has been simplified, and there is no such expenditure of time and labor spring and autumn in putting away clothes for the next season, with the exception of the heavy winter street and fur garments.

Voile de soie and cashmere de soie are two materials of which much is heard these days, and both are in great demand for every sort and description of gown for day and evening, for house and street wear, although this is rather too sweeping a statement as regards the voile de soie, for it is quite too thin to be worn unless under a heavy wrap for some months to come. Cashmere de soie is a fascinatingly soft and fine material that lends itself most admirably to any fashion that requires graceful lines or close fitting effects. It molds itself into the figure, it seems to drape itself into long lines and is of a beauty of weave and finish that makes it most becoming whether it is in dark or light shades. It has a satin lustre that at a distance gives much the same effect as charmeuse satin, and any embroidery of silk or elaborate trimming of any kind serves but to accentuate its coloring. It has been made up in reception and theatre gowns and for the spring will be greatly used for street gowns.

Voile de soie apparently is fashionable for any occasion, one reason being that there are so many different qualities and weaves, varying from rather heavy to the finest and sheerest effects. Some qualities resemble chiffon and mousseline de soie so closely that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from the other, but a closer inspection reveals a rather closer, firmer foundation than the finer qualities of chiffon and a softer, more silky finish than mousseline de soie.

The present demand for embroidery on the material itself can and is most satisfactorily carried out in voile de soie, and the charming and unusual colorings are also most easily effected, for the fabric is so delightfully transparent that any lining shows to perfection. Crystal, pearl, gold and silver embroidery seems to stand out from such a background more distinctly and if put over a satin foundation shows up the color of the satin, at the same time keeping its own individuality.

* * *

The color scheme question is an all absorbing one, and the endless variety of effects to be obtained in the embroidered voile de soie gowns makes the occupation of choosing the trousseau at the moment most fascinating. A cinnamon brown voile de soie theatre gown, embroidered in gold and made over a yellow satin foundation, is a color scheme that appeals to every woman of artistic taste. Pearl or crystal embroidered pale grey over yellow is another scheme that challenges attention, and the pale yellow over blue is also striking. One of the most attractive models of the season is a curious light yellow, embroidered in cut gold and yellow crystal beads. This is over a foundation of deeper yellow satin, while the daring contrast of nattier blue is introduced in velvet, a band of which finishes the tunic, but is put on under the voile de soie. ishes the tunic, but is put on under the voile de soie. On the On the waist is a large knot of velvet near the left shoulder. The design was copied from an old French painting, as, indeed, are most of the best designs, and the coloring, materials and trimmings are wonderfully attractive.

Tunics, plain and draped, long and short, are most fashionable in the voile de soie, and, as already has been stated, contrasting colors are popular. At the same time, the all-one-color is fashionable also. Then the white satin linings, in cream white preferably, are also extremely smart. A gown of white satin, with tunic and waist of old blue in voile de soie, is most charming and almost severely plain, as the only trimming is a broad band across the tip of the low cut waist, which has surplice folds that are most becomingly draped. This model makes a smart theatre gown and is one of the newest designs.

The skirts tied in around the ankles are certainly on the eccentric order, but that the fashion exists there is no denying, and the leading dressmakers are apparently trying their hardest to evolve some modification of the original style that will be possible and becoming. There are few figures that can stand the fashion of the skirts so much tighter around the ankles, but the combining of two materials is a great aid to breaking the hard line, for the transparent tunic can be much fuller than the foundation skirt, and the folds hide or rather modify the extreme and eccentric narrowness. Then, if so desired, the tunic is most elaborately embroidered or is finished with a wide band of embroidered trimming that makes the material itself much thicker and less transparent.

* * *

MIDWINTER frocks for the little girl are as attractive as those designed for her elders and many of them are cut along the same lines. The most popular designs are those with the modified cuirass effect, and this style serves as well for the party dress as the school frock by varying the choice of colors and quality of material. Serge is the best material for the school frock, but cashmere and the lighter woollen materials are more fashionable. For the little girl plaids are in vogue and an interesting variety of checks.

The one-piece dresses cannot be too highly commended and may be made very pretty with lingerie or embroidered collars and cuffs or ones of colored velvet or silks.

* * *

It is not the day of the glace glove. Its substitute, the suede one, is gladly welcomed. There seems to have come about a change in gloves all along the line. Staring white kid ones are not as commonly worn for every occasion as they once were. White and buff wash chamois gloves, with the huge single pearl button, are much in evidence for street occasions, for church, shopping, informal visits and traveling. They are not only smart, but they are long-lived and cleanly.

Gloves to match gowns were never elegant when colors that were queer had to be chosen, and this season there is no attempt at it. The law of harmony still prevails. One does not want to wear gray gloves with a brown frock, or the other way around, but for a majority of gowns the dull tan and gray suede glove will answer. This is entirely the choice with long sleeves, and the favorite choice with elbow sleeves. The dull, deep cream suede, with white stitchery, is the glove of the day for luncheons, card parties, weddings and afternoon receptions.

In the evening the white suede glove is much worn. Eccentric gloves, like those of silk and lace, have never gotten any hold on our public, although one sees them in the shops and on the stage.

* * *

The mop of coiffure continues to agitate the feminine mind. She has tried it out in half a dozen different ways, and finally hit upon one that she likes. She may use the braid or the rope coil, she may omit the little cap and use her own hair, she may add forehead curls to the flattened pompadour, or she may merely wave her own hair across the centre to rest on the forehead under the heavy coils.

There are no limitations to the ways in which the mop coiffure can be achieved. All that anyone asks is that a woman insists upon experimenting with it until it is the right thing for her.

Those who do not care for it in its entirety, but who like its simplicity, have taken to wearing a rather broad soft scarf of ribbon or tulle around the head. This is not arranged like a fillet. It is a tightly drawn band that flattens the hair for several inches above its line of growth and then lets it puff out into a full cap above. It is unusually becoming.

Not only have the young girls been successful with it, but many of the older women. Black velvet ribbon, the soft panne weave, and black satin or spangled tulle are used in the evening. This is not only in deference to the desire for black, but as a harmonizing scheme. Black will go with any evening frock.

Gold Embroidered Brown Mousseline de Soie Gown Over White Satin

The spangled tulle in quite effective. The spangles are in the form of silver stars or crescents. The tiny beads are used, but they are not so effective as the flat spangles.

* * *

Fashions go around in a circle, and now we have handkerchiefs embroidered in colors once more in use. In a recent trousseau I saw some made of tiny squares of fine batiste, over which meandered butterflies, green dragon flies, or little brown and gold bees, all done in a sort of veining. Lilies or fleurs de lis and scrolls are encrusted in one color, with delicate buttonholing, to a batiste of another tint, and other little handkerchiefs are edged with a double hemstitched band, one overlapping the other, say green with pale blue, old gold and empire green, a row of veining dividing the two. Some chic little squares in a pretty pale color were edged and monogrammed with black by way of variety.

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	EAST BOUND.	
No. 214	Passenger, daily.	1.35 a.m.
No. 236	Local Passenger, daily (except Sunday)	10.06 p.m.
No. 8	Soo-Portland, daily.	2.52 a.m.
	WEST BOUND.	
No. 213	Passenger, daily.	2.30 a.m.
No. 235	Local Passenger, daily (except Sunday)	12.05 p.m.
No. 7	Soo-Portland, daily.	4.00 a.m.

The Churches

ANGLICAN

ST. THEODORE'S CHURCH.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

L.D.S.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—Sunday School at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOX CHURCH.—Morning Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Bible Class, 3.30 p.m. Evening Service, 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910

Come in Grady, the water's fine. A. F. Grady, of Macleod, is playing a cinch game of politics. There's nothing like it. He says that if the Government at Edmonton will guarantee him a cabinet position he'll run in the Liberal interests for the constituency represented by the late Colin Genge. That is about the only way A. F. could get into the political game.

First it was to be a senatorship. Nothing of the excitement of an election, and less of the uncertainty for Grady. That was in the days before he went to his reward as Postmaster of Macleod. Then a righteous and thankful but thoughtless government passed up the senatorship to Dr. DeVober and left Grady with the choice of either the position of Customs Officer or Postmaster. As there was less work, and eighty doubloons more in the latter, he cinched the game, drew the bottom card and went to be forever with the stamp vendors.

Now that a waiting world and an anxious Government is calling on Grady to work in the vineyard, it is natural that he should look for a soft spot to light on before he lets go the staff of life.

Grady is no gambler. He spurns the game of chance. He never sits in—unless he can get his feet on his partner's toes.

—o—o—

Contractor Burns, of Calgary. I notice by the Advertiser that P. Burns, of Calgary, has the contract for laying the water mains for the city of Taber. Is it not about time that Pat was restrained from monopolies in Alberta? He has been in beef contracts, ice contracts, lumber and railroad contracts, and at the last we find him digging ditches.

"One honest Pat Burns was a hedger and ditcher;
Although he was poor did not want to be richer."

I forget the rest, but there is a moral somewhere. The most of us, who have been in the country for any length of time, remember Pat when he didn't have to dig ditches, and many of us wise guys were certain that if he attempted to keep hot the many different irons he had in the fire that sooner or later he'd hit rock bottom, and here he is.

Some of these days when I see Pat with his coat off and his overalls on, shovelling dirt out of a ditch on our right-of-way, I'm going right past and never speak to him. So there!

—o—o—

Who owns the brick-bats? Does anyone know? Can anyone tell us who has charge of the cleaning up of the streets? Some day will the man in control take up his duties for the spring, starting at the pile of brick-bats in front of the Post Office. These may be handy for the editors to fire at each other, seeing that they are neighbours, but speaking for the latter we may rise to remark that we prefer snowballs at 100 yards. Clean up this dump! it looks bad.

—o—o—

Build us a Hospital. The discussion over the report of the Hospital Committee of the Board of Trade, developed several features which are of moment to the city in general. The first is the evident care which characterized the Committee in the procuring of facts and data for their report. They journeyed to Lethbridge, interviewed Dr. Mewburn, inspected the hospital there, noted the discrepancies in the plan of that institution, communicated with the Government, and with several other institutions, seeking ever for suggestions, and presented a report through the secretary, Mr. Prowse, Bishop VanOrman and Dr. Leech, that fairly bristled with facts.

Another feature of the discussion was the interest displayed by the Board in the undertaking and the speeches delivered pro and con in the debate on the subject in question. A stranger could not help but be interested, and as the speeches were altogether free from the personalities which so often creep into discussions, and were confined to the matter under consideration, the evening was entirely educative. It is hard for me to understand why so little interest is taken in the affairs of the Board by the people in general.

The third feature of the debate is the fact that Taber has come face to face with a public duty and the sooner we know what is before us and set about to accomplish our purpose, the better for us.

Taber must have a hospital. It must be a larger institution than the immediate present need. It must be up-to-date in equipment, and practically fireproof. To build such an institution will require considerable money. How much is not suggested, and if the Board of Trade is as wise as they are supposed to be they will relegate their suggestive powers along this line to a public meeting. There is a great difference of opinion as to what is reasonable to ask from the people just now. The Government is to be approached for a contribution, but if they should ask the Committee what Taber is ready to give, can an answer be offered?

Two speakers at the meeting on Friday night, both of them "men who know," were of the opinion that the estimated cost of a building such as was recommended by the Committee was entirely beyond the powers of the people of Taber at the present time. To this they added that if the people were of the opinion that the mine operators about Taber were willing and ready to make large contributions to such an undertaking, granting ever its worth,—that a disappointment was in store for all such.

If the men at the head of the financial institutions of the town declare against such a project as a $20,000 hospital, if they advise revision of plans and curtailing of preliminary expenses, if they are of the opinion that it would be wise to make haste slowly, and to be always within our means, can we with safety rush in where bank managers fear to tread?

The hospital problem is an interesting and important one. Our columns are open for discussion on this topic. This is the time for "pro-bono-publico" and "nix bonum" to get in their fine work.

—o—o—

A Petitition:—God save our friends: and preserve our enemies. The former gives us a living; the latter establishes our personality.

The former may borrow from us; the latter neither borrow or lends.

We can make money out of our friends; and keep our enemies busy getting it away from us.

—o—o—

Take it home, brother! Don't knock. No town was made for one man or one concern. You don't want opposition? Then get in a town your own size—a smaller one than this.

Don't get cheap. The other fellow wants to LIVE, even if EXISTENCE is a delight to you. Then the world takes every man at his own valuation. The man who rates himself .001 is right at his value and the chances are the rating of the other fellow at par is at his value.

Don't keep trying to put the other fellow out of business. It is ten to one bet that he is nearer to a decent living than you, and if the world gets to thinking that way, you'll get laughed at; and ridicule is the two-edged sword that stabs to kill.

—o—o—

Last week a New Hampshire girl, Miss Rosie Caban, handed Michael Hasselbar a lemon on a little love deal they had, and in return Mike—the ungallant swipe—sent Rosie a pair of adders in a chocolate box. They missed Rosie, and a policeman killed them and arrested Mike.

This is the first we have noticed the snake feature in love affairs for some time. Men who have been jilted in times past have generally had a series of snakes, horned-toads, red-headed geese, and purple spiders, according to the liquor routes they ran over, but sending adders in chocolate boxes to one's best love—this is too much—too much.

Borden and his troubles. The row in the Conservative party at Ottawa at the present time will undoubtedly result in benefit to that party. If the Conservatives are to accomplish anything in the Dominion, they must get rid of the millstones and traitors that have sunk them for the last few years. Mr. Monk and one or two of his followers would damn any party that ever had the misfortune to be linked up with them. Five years ago Mr. Borden knew exactly what Monk was, even if he did not know long before that. Monk promised Mr. Borden faithfully that, in his speech on the famous Autonomy Bills, he would not say anything that would clash with what Mr. Borden, as leader of his party, had said the day before. One hour after making this promise Mr. Monk rose from his seat directly behind Mr. Borden on the floor of the House of Commons and for more than two hours devoted his attention to argument that was directly opposed to practically everything that his leader had said.

There was a great row over this at the time—although the row was kept quiet—and it was fully expected that Mr. Monk and Mr. Borden would break off all relations with each other. Mr. Borden unwisely permitted the affair to be patched up, however—and to-day he is reaping the fruits of his folly. Mr. Monk has been of no use to him in Quebec—and has been a constant weakness to him in all other parts of the Dominion. He is more of an affliction to the Conservative party, ten times over, than Mr. Bourassa ever was to the Liberals.

Both these men are inordinately vain, ambitious, and self centered. They have no idea other than the one that will best serve their purpose for the moment. They are determined to be conspicuous, and they do not believe that loyalty to anyone but themselves should prevent their gratifying their desires. At the present time, the Conservative party has a good opportunity and a good excuse for having a thorough shaking up. There are others besides Monk who could be dropped with advantage—and by dropping Monk at the present moment a good start would be made that would probably not stop until these objectionables also had been shaken off.—SATURDAY POST.

Taber's New Furniture Store

Henderson Bros. and Ross, whose initial announcement appears in this issue, are to be congratulated on their start in Taber. They have builded their quarters, have filled them from cellar to garret with a little better stock of furniture than is generally seen outside the city stores. These men comprise the kind of a concern we can afford to boost, for by their presence they are standardising our centre, and helping to shape the town into the proportions of a city.

Will they do business? You can be sure of the fact that Henderson Bros. and Ross will force their share of the trade if bargains, and attention to business will help—and it generally does.

Taber Board of Trade

The regular meeting of the Board of Trade of Taber was held in the Council chamber on Friday night. The President, Mr. Anderson, presided and a reasonably good representation of members was before him. Just here we rise to speak out in meeting. It is a shame, a measly shame that Board of Trade matters are relegated to a few enthusiasts who will insist on doing their best, utilizing their spare time, for the benefit of their town. Some of these days we are as apt as not to publish a list of the business men who never think of attending these important meetings.

Three new members were added to the roll. H. H. MacLeay of the Rogers—Cunningham Lumber Company, Percy Lapum Leach Real Estate and Insurance, and the editor of the Taber Free Press.

Mr. MacLeay and Mr. Leach were made members by virtue of their positions, and the fact that they had the price—and on unmitigated gall the editor squeezed through.

There were several communications read by the secretary, and these were laid on the table by motion.

The President then asked Mr. Prowse, the secretary of the Hospital Committee to present his report.

Mr. Prowse, wise in his day and generation, held on to his chair during his address. Losing a chair in the Council Chamber is a disaster. If you don't believe the reporter ask Alderman Mitchell,

The secretary's report was to the effect that the Committee had covered the initiatory ground of investigation, had considered finances, and necessities and had decided on a plan which eventually would involve the sum of $20,000 for a building, to which might be added the sum of $5,000 for equipment, and a surgical ebuipment of $750.

The discussion that followed was full of good reasoning and plausible argument.

Mr. Ewing, conservative, keen, and concise, spoke in favor of a smaller undertaking.

Mr. Hammer, always practical, asked for and argued in favor of prepared plans.

Bishop VanOrman, as optimistic as a Virginian Oriole, stayed by the Committee and its report.

Dr. Leech ran into figures and ethics as natural as life, produced his deductions, made his suggestions and delivered his enunciations like a politician. What this gentleman is doing out of the diplomatic service is a wonder to the most of us.

The other speakers were H. H. MacLeay, Mr. Leck, Mr. Fisher, and Dr. Lake.

The Board authorised Bishop VanOrman to proceed to Lethbridge, interview the architect, secure a working sketch from the latter, and with Dr. Leech, proceed to Edmonton to interview the Government as to support, etc. The work is in good hands, may there be results—a hundred fold.

SEE
Robert Johnson
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
FOR
Mine Work
Contracting & Jobbing
Carriage & Woodwork
Plow Work and Horseshoeing Specialties
BEHIND SCHOOLHOUSE
BARNWELL

OXFORD CAFE
(Late Imperial Restaurant)
Taber, Alta.
Under New Management From April 12th
JOE FONG - PROPRIETOR
CANDIES AND FRUITS
TOBACCOS AND CIGARS
VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS
Best Clean Help in the World
Dining Room Girl Wanted at once

PALM THEATRE
(Formerly Beck's Opera House)
Lessee and Manager—C. E. JUDSON
MOVING PICTURES
Every Night at 8 o'clock except Wednesday Night
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT
DANCING CLASS
Under the direction of Mrs. Carl Judson
Wed. Night, 7.00-9.30
SOCIAL DANCE FROM 9.30 p.m. TO 1 a.m.

Owl Restaurant
Up-to-date Meals at all Hours
PRICES ON BILL OF FARE FOR MEALS
Barber Shop in Connection
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Hair tonic of all descriptions at reasonable prices
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
MR. & MRS. A. D. KNOX
Just east of Palace Hotel, Main Street Taber

WHEAT LANDS — CITY PROPERTY
PERCY LAPUM LEACH 1910
HALF SECTION two miles of Woodpecker. A rattling good buy at $25.00 per acre. Don't buy before seeing me about good land.
SEVERAL GOOD CITY PROPERTIES for sale in Taber. Land and Town Property will never be so cheap again as now.
ONE 4 and ONE 6-ROOMED HOUSE TO RENT.
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MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM LANDS AND CITY PROPERTY | FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT AND FIDELITY INSURANCE
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We carry a complete stock of the best in
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Come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere
A square deal to everybody is our motto
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FOR

Smut in Grain

We sell 16 ounces to the pint.

You are sure of getting Good Strong Fresh Formalin from us.

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SAY—

Mr. New Comer!

DID YOU SAY CHINOOK WINDS ?

TRY OUR

GOGGLES

AND BEHOLD THE CHANGE! IT'S SUNNY ALBERTA THEN.

—— WESTLAKE'S ——

Jewellery and Stationery Store

H. M. WHIDDINGTON, Strathcona. W. A. WHIDDINGTON, Lethbridge.

H. M. & W. A. WHIDDINGTON

REGD. ARCHITECTS

211, Sherlock Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

The Liquor License Ordinance.

Applications for Renewals of Liquor Licenses.

The following applications for renewals of, and new liquor licenses will be considered by the Board of License Commissioners at the annual meeting to be held at Lethbridge on Saturday, the 14th day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock a.m.:—

Pallister and Smith, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the West Hotel, situate on lots 15 and 16, in Block 8, Burdett.

Henderson and Chapman, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Queen's Hotel, situate on lots 5 and 6, Block 6, Royal View.

D. W. McDonald, for a new hotel license in respect to the Victoria Hotel, situate on lots 1, 2 and 3, Block 3, Carmangay.

Peter McNaughton, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grange Hotel, situate on lots 8, 9 and 10, Block 3, Carmangay.

Daniel Needham, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Myrtle Hotel, situate on lots 38, 39 and 40, Block 11, Bow Island.

Dennison Bros., for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Coal City Hotel, situate on lots 27, 28 and 29, Block 18, Coal City.

Thomas A. Underwood, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grassy Lake Hotel, situate on lots 21, 22, 23 and 24, Block 11, Grassy Lake.

Zotique Bray, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Taber Hotel, situate on lots 2, 3, 4 and 5, in Block 3, Taber.

Joseph Dubbs, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Union Hotel, situate on lots 6, 7, and 8, in Block 18, Taber.

Fred J. Herscher, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Palace Hotel, situate on lots 36, 37 and 38, Block 4, Taber.

Donald J. McMillan, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on lot 20, Block 18, Taber.

Henry Hobson, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Royal Hotel, situate on lots 1 and 2, Block 9, Taber.

Hudson's Bay Company, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on lot 22, Block 7, Lethbridge.

C. C. Pagnuelo Wine and Spirit Co., for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on the most easterly forty feet throughout of lots 9, 10 and 11, in Block 7, Lethbridge.

Messrs. Bowman and Downer, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Coaldale Hotel, situate on lots 1 and 2, in Block 12, Lethbridge.

Messrs. Bowman and Downer, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grassy Lake Hotel, situate on lots 20, 21 and 22, Block 13, Lethbridge.

Messrs. Bowman and Downer, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Balmoral Hotel, situate on lots 30 and 31, Block 32, Lethbridge.

Charles Hansen, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Castle Hotel, situate on lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 2, Lethbridge.

H. E. Michuch, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Windsor Hotel, situate on lots 1, 2 and 3, Block 5, Lethbridge.

J. B. Reuter, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on lot 13, Block 7, Lethbridge.

William Porter, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Arlington Hotel, situate on lots 8, 9 and 10, Block 6, Lethbridge.

Dallas Hotel Company Limited, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Dallas Hotel, situate on lots 12 and 13, Block 31, Lethbridge.

DATED AT EDMONTON this 8th day of April, 1910.

A. Y. BLAIN,
Acting Deputy Attorney General.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF LETHBRIDGE.

IN THE ESTATE OF Franz Ellner, Deceased.

Pursuant to the order of His Honor Judge Winter, dated the 9th day of April, 1910.

TAKE NOTICE that all persons having any claims or demands against the late Franz Ellner who died on or about the 31st day of August, 1909, at Taber, intestate, are required on or before the 31st day of May, 1910, to deliver to Annie Ellner, administratrix of the estate of the said Franz Ellner, deceased, in care of Simon and Shepherd, Barristers, Lethbridge, her solicitors, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims in writing, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, and such statement shall be verified by Statutory Declaration made by the Claimant or his or her agent.

AND TAKE FURTHER NOTICE that after the said 31st day of May, 1910, the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice and the said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part of them to any person of whose claim she shall not then have received notice.

DATED AT LETHBRIDGE this 9th day of April, A.D. 1910.

SIMMONS & SHEPHERD,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.

Subscribe to the Free Press

News, Notes and Comments

Walter Ross, of North Bay, Ont., was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to be hanged on May 20th.

×

Ottawa, April 9.—In the Commons this morning Hon. W. S. Fielding gave notice of an amendment to the Coinage act, which has for its object the manufacture of a silver dollar similar to the American silver dollar.

×

On Tuesday last, Geo. A. Evans, while brazing a copper tube in one of the carbonisation tanks in the sugar factory at Raymond, was badly burned about the face and hands, and narrowly escaped a horrible death.

×

Victoria, B.C., April 11.—D. D. Mann, who drew a lot in the Dunsmuir estate sale a few days ago, now seeks to purchase the Dunsmuir castle from from the lucky winner. It is said he wants to make a home in Victoria during the winter months.

×

Evansville, Ind., April 11.—Scores of people in this community complain that they are unable to get enough sleep, in fact several instances people have slept for fifteen or twenty-four hours and still were sleepy. They attribute this inclination to sleep to Halley's comet.

×

The Western Canada Cement and Coal Company, which owns the Exshaw works, is in financial difficulties, and the plant is passing into the hands of a receiver, who will be appointed in a few days. The debenture holders and bond holders will continue to run the plant as before, and no change will be made in the outside working of the institution.

×

St. Catharines, April 9.—"Gentlemen, I will have to ask you to lower your voices or we will adjourn. There is a little girl dying in the next room," said Mayor McBride last night as the council got into heated arguments.

The wrangling aldermen were silenced. The child was the daughter of the caretaker, and she died later in the night.

×

"Village Blacksmith" leaves his Forge.

A despatch to the NEW YORK AMERICAN from Lyn, Mass., says Thaddeus W. Tyler, the original "village blacksmith" is dead. It was while watching him at work over his forge and anvil that Longfellow was inspired to write

"Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands," etc.

×

The cold of the Pole was torrid in comparison with the reception tendered in Montreal to Commander Peary, by an audience of 800 persons, that seemed dwarfed by the huge dimensions of the Arena. This much discussed veteran of Polar enterprises gave a lantern lecture on Saturday evening on his trip to the north pole. That his lecture created much impression could not be claimed. At no time did the audience exhibit enthusiasm.

There was applause at intervals but its ring was not convincing. Indeed, from the entrance of Commander Peary, the demeanor of the audience was marked by comparative indifference. And the commander seemed to feel the lack of cordiality in his reception. His voice was nervously husky at moments, but he plodded on with his theme, an unmagnetic, self-centred, prosaic personality, whom the romance of the Arctic appeared to have left strikingly uninspired. He had no overwhelming proofs to present, when he showed the picture of the pole, which seemed to have been comically shaped by nature, and he did not state how he knew he had arrived there or describe the steps leading to such conclusions.

Night telegraph operator Voyer, of the C.P.R. train office was on Friday morning sent to jail for three months for deserting his key on the Wednesday evening previous. He was intoxicated and gave the dispatcher the "good-night, no more" signal. Fortunately the agent was secured, and danger to trains was avoided by a new man being appointed. Voyer made his own defence and contended that as Regina was a divisional point all trains had to stop there, there being no danger through his quitting the office. The magistrate decided to make an example of Voyer, this being the second case within a week.

×

The Conservatives of the Dominion Parliament are in sad state of mix-up over the opposition Leader Borden is making to the Laurier Navy Bill.

The TORONTO WORLD in a despatch from Ottawa, written by W. F. McLean, publishes the situation with more brutal frankness. Mr. McLean notes that as a result of the revolt of the French-Canadian followers of Mr. Monk in the House and internecine strife, it has been decided to call off the proposed party federal convention next June. He declares that there is no doubt of the truth of the published statements that a number of Conservatives are dissatisfied and insurgent, and that this insurgency in the opposition rank and file is due in the main to the policy pursued in the House by Mr. Borden.

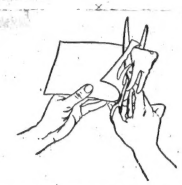
×

Sheep Man Injured.

George Inkster, a recent arrival from Ontario, met with a mishap on Monday that resulted in a badly broken arm. Inkster, who is employed by the Neil Bros., the sheep men, was driving a horse and a broncho attached to a wagon loaded with lumber. While going down the side of Chin Coulee the broncho refused to hold back and the load of lumber slipped, carrying Inkster with it.

He fell under the wheels and one of them passed over his left arm. He was found in a dazed condition by another employee of the sheep men an hour or more after the accident and was brought to Burdette, where Dr. Blackburn set the fractured limb.

The team was found several miles down the coulee just previous to the discovery of Inkster.—BURDETTE TRIBUNE.



THE EDITOR OF THE MEDICINE HAT NEWS WRITING HIS EDITORIALS.

×

One of Raymond's Pioneers dead.

At Gridley, Cal., on March 4th, Chester Southworth, a highly esteemed member of the Mormon colony, expired suddenly, while working in his yard, of heartfailure, having been apparently well up to his death, although he had complained of pains in his chest. He was born in Nauvoo, Ill., on August 22, 1834, and went to Utah in 1852, with his parents, and located at Farmington. In 1862 he removed to Brigham City, where he married Miss Agnes Caldwell, who survives him. In 1873 this family moved to Bear Lake, Idaho, where he lived until the year 1900, when they went to Alberta, Canada, and was one of the first to help build several Mormon towns along the border. He lived in Taber, Alta., a few years prior to going to Gridley, where he was engaged in light farming. He was associated with many of the veteran actors of Utah, among others being Phil Margetts and the McEwans, and wherever Mr. Southworth went he was instrumental in organising a home dramatic club to entertain the settlers and for the benefit of the Church, and auxiliary organisation. He was a staunch Latter-day Saint. Besides his wife, he is survived by six daughters and four sons and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure.—Raymond Rustler.

Choice Farm Lands. City Property.
Money to Loan. Fire & Life Insurance.
Owner of unsold portion of Townsite South of Railway.

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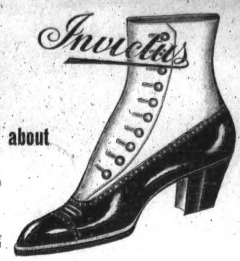
Because there is none better to be told about



NEAT STYLES, PERFECT FIT AND COMFORT, AND FOR DURABILITY THEY ARE UNEXCELLED.

We will be glad to show you these.

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—IN—

NEWEST CLOTHS AND LATEST STYLES

In Prints, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Muslins and Novelty Dress Fabrics, we have a splendid selection of Nice, Clean Fresh Goods.

Ladies' Waists, Underwear, Corsets, Hosiery, House Dresses, Aprons, and Everything in Women's and Children's Wear. All New and Up to the Minute.

CHILDREN'S WEAR OF ALL KINDS IN ALL SIZES

Nifty Neckwear, Collars, Ties, Jabots, etc.

AND DON'T FORGET TO SEE

Royal Worcester Corsets

CAMPBELL AND ANDERSON

The New Furniture Store

Henderson Bros. & Ross

OPEN ON FRIDAY, APRIL 15

and full to the doors with the largest stock of

HIGH CLASS FURNITURE IN TABER . .

Book Cases, Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Music and Hall Stands, Carpets, Linoleums, Rugs and Curtains, Window Blinds and Picture Framing.

AND THE PRICES ARE RIGHT

Henderson Bros. & Ross

HOUGH STREET —— TABER, ALTA.

SHE HAD THIS SORE FOR FOUR LONG YEARS!

Now Zam-Buk Has Healed It

You can't equal Zam-Buk for sores of all kinds, whether recent or of long standing. That is the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, of 110 Wickson Ave., Toronto. Mrs. Wilson says:

"About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face, just about the angle of the jaw. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter, and very troublesome. I went to a doctor, from whom at different times during fifteen years I had received treatment, but the ointment I got did not have any good effect on the sore. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and this continued for four years. A sample of Zam-Buk was one day left at our house, and I used it.

"Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased from Mr. Bauld, Druggist, Scollard and Yonge Streets, a supply of Zam-Buk. Each box did me more and more good, and to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed! It has now been healed for almost a year, and at the present time the only trace of it is a small patch of skin a little whiter than the surrounding tissue. If Zam-Buk can heal a sore of this kind, which had defied all treatment for four years, I am sure it must be a thing needed in scores of homes."

Try Zam-Buk for eczema, ulcers, sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, skin eruptions, face spots, baby's rashes, inflamed places, piles, blood-poisoning and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse "just as goods" and imitations.

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Book contains 500 jokes and riddles; 75 tricks; 13 puzzles; 10 sleight of hand secrets; 15 parlor magics; 25 parlor games; 7 fortune telling secrets; 12 lucky charms; 50 money-making secrets; 7 hypnotic secrets; 100 toasts; 10 letter writing secrets; 10 etiquette secrets; 10 love secrets; 10 beauty secrets; 10 health secrets; 10 cooking secrets; 10 ways of making candy; 10 ways of making ice cream; 10 ways of making cake; 10 ways of making salad dressing; 10 ways of making chafing dish dainties; 10 ways of making coffee; 10 ways of making tea; 10 ways of making chocolate; 10 ways of making lemonade; 10 ways of making punch; 10 ways of making fudge

Boys Who Handle Millions

By E. L. Bacon

TWO o'clock, and at least a hundred boys from the brokers' offices are rushing to and fro in the Wall Street district as fast as their legs can carry them with tens of millions of dollars in securities in their pockets. Only fifteen minutes remain of the time in which the brokerage houses will receive stock from one another, and they are the most frantic fifteen minutes of the day in the streets and offices of the money-centre. It is in that short space of time that almost all the stock transferred in the day's sales is delivered. Every minute—every second—must be made the most of. A stock-runner who stops a moment to watch a street-fight may cost his employers hundreds of dollars—the day's interest on the shares he carries. As like as not he has anywhere from five hundred thousand to two million dollars in stock in the inside pocket of his coat, and a day's interest on investments of that value amounts to a serious loss if the securities are not delivered on time.

Quick legs and quick wits the youthful stock-runner must have. And he must know the narrow streets and alleys and hallways of the money-kings as well as if he had lived in them from babyhood. He must know the very shortest cut to any brokerage house in the district. There are no street-addressed envelopes fat-laden envelopes he carries—only the brokers' names—and there is no time to stop and ask the way. Many a day the stock-hand has had to within five minutes of the time-limit when he is shot out with his pocket bulging with investments.

"Stock for four places!" cries the man in charge of the firm's boys. "It's 2:10! R-r-rush!"

The boy makes a grab for papers that may be worth a million or more, jumps for the doors, darts across the sidewalk, careless of what portly gentleman he may butt in the stomach, and takes to the asphalt, where there is a clearer course. And at the same time he is glancing over the names on the four envelopes and mapping out his route.

Even with so little time to spare, it is seldom indeed that a stock-runner would fail to make the four deliveries. And if he does fail, it is not because he has not chosen his course wisely or run at the top of his speed, but because of some accident. A speedy youngster from the firm of Fisk & Robinson, while making deliveries of stock during the last five minutes, was running full tilt, with his head down, at the junction of Wall and Nassau Streets, and rammed J. Pierpont Morgan in the pit of the stomach while the financier was about to go up the steps to his office.

The king-pin of Wall Street gave a great deal of pained surprise, and grabbed the boy by the nape of the neck. He held him there almost a minute, shaking his case and expressing his feelings in terse language then, suddenly becoming good-natured, he broke into a laugh and let him go. But that minute's loss of time resulted in the boy's failure to make two deliveries, which meant a loss to his employers of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"It might have been worse," said the stock-runner. "Anyhow, I pretty near cracked him out."

Considering that the stock-runner carries not only stock, but enormous sums in certified checks, and, often, large amounts of money, it is surprising that there are not more losses through him. In the course of a day's work, he is likely to carry certified checks running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and such a piece of paper is almost as negotiable as cash. A clever thief would not find much difficulty in turning it into money if he should act quickly; and he could probably realize on stock certificates, too, for that matter, if he could get rid of them before the news of the loss was flashed over the wires to every broker in the district.

But, somehow, valuable paper lost in the money-district almost always comes back. One reason for this is that there are not many professional crooks down Wall-way, because of the large number of detectives on watch, and lost paper is apt to be found by somebody connected with the district. In that case it is returned immediately to the office of the broker from which it came. It is not at all uncommon for a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock-certificates or certified checks to be picked up in Wall Street, but it is very rare indeed that the finder is a thief.

It was a case exceptional enough to cause a great deal of talk among the brokers when a certified check for seven thousand dollars disappeared absolutely a few months ago. It is the custom, when a boy is rushed for time in making his deliveries to the bank, to leave his checks in the teller's window and then rush on to the next bank, waiting until his deliveries are all made before coming back for the receipts.

This seven-thousand-dollar check was tossed by a sixteen-year-old boy into the teller's window of the Mechanics' Bank. He had no more than flipped it under the bars when he turned and sprang for the door, for he had three other banks to visit in about three minutes.

Coming back for his receipt, he was told that the check had not been received. The boy produced two witnesses who had been standing at the window and had seen him throw the check at the bars. A search of the entire floor was made. The valuable piece of paper was not to be found. As payment cannot be stopped on a certified check immediately, and as it is almost as good as ready cash, it was a serious loss. Yet the check was never presented for payment and has never been found.

The presumption was that a crook got it and that his courage failed him.

Seldom, too, is it that a stock-runner turns thief, but it does happen now and then. Not long ago a boy employed by J. A. May ran off with ten thousand dollars in checks and six hundred dollars in cash. The next day he mailed the checks back, but kept the money. The police got him a few days later, after he had spent a good part of his stealings.

Five years ago a sixteen-year-old boy named James Ryan dropped out of sight with five thousand dollars in money in his clothes. A high-flier was James. A lurid path he burned all the way from New York to Chicago. From half a dozen places the police got wind of a boy-spender with a fabulous roll. But, somehow, he always slipped away just when they were about to get hold of him.

At last, in Chicago, the arm of the law got a firm grip on him. He had just dined at the Auditorium and was having his nails manicured. He had a gold watch set with diamonds, a diamond ring, a diamond in his tie and a big around as a dime, a silk hat, a suit of startling checks, and a fur overcoat, not to mention a few other luxuries, and was about to take the manicure-girl to a box at the theatre. He had spent three thousands of dollars depend on his in three weeks.

The broker's boy gets twelve dollars a week—if he is lucky—yet sometimes thousands of dollars depends on his quickness of wit and the speed of his legs.

Ten years ago, during a panic that sent the bottom out of the market with terrible rapidity, a boy, employed on the Stock Exchange floor under E. O. Rudolph, slipped while wriggling his way through the frantic crowd with a message to a broker. His knee-cap struck the hard floor so hard as he got to himself up, dazed with pain, he found that he could not use the leg. It took him several minutes to get the message to the broker. Then he had to limp or hobble block of Northern Pacific. During the few moments of delay that stock had fallen five points. The selling order was executed at a loss of more than ten thousand dollars—all due to the boy's fall.

Boys employed by messenger companies play a strong part in the wall Street game, making stock and bank deliveries and carrying packages of money. A boy never knows what wonderful treasure he may be about to have in his grasp in that world of riches.

There was that boy with the box of jewels, for example. One day he was called to the Standard Safe Deposit Company, in Broad Street, by a member of Mrs. Rossiter Fletcher to take to her at the Waldorf a case as big as a two pound candy-box. In Broadway he stopped to watch a crap-game, and left the case lying on a window-ledge behind him.

Becoming absorbed in the game, he stood there a long time, and when, at last, he started off, the case was gone. A small newsboy, named Pietro Sarto, had picked it up, and, not seeing any claimant in sight, had gone off with it. Sarto hugged it to his breast until, that night, he had sold the last of his papers. Then he went to sleep in a blast of warm air that came up through a grating in Park Row and used the case for a pillow.

It was still dark when he woke up and decided to examine his find. He pried the cover open and found inside a dazzling collection of diamonds. The diamond brooch alone was worth five thousand dollars, and there were ten thousand dollars' worth of other pieces besides. He took the jewels to the police, and in course of time received ten dollars reward.

A first rate chance to rise in the world has the stock-broker's boy. Often he is not more than sixteen years old when he is promoted to the telephone-booth, and that is a position of some importance. Some Wall Street telephone-operators get fifty or sixty dollars a week, for much depends upon the rapidity with which they send and receive orders. A stutter in a broker's telephone-booth would bring his employer to ruin. And much depends, too, on the carefulness of the operator.

During the flurry in Rock Island stock last December, when it unaccountably rose thirty points and fell thirty points in some eleven minutes, the cause was assigned in some quarters to the mistake of a telephone-operator, who had changed a buying order for four thousand shares to forty thousand.

Whether or not that was so, a telephone-operator does now and then make a blunder in repeating an order that causes a loss of thousands of dollars. Yet it is sometimes a gain, rather than a loss, that such a blunder causes.

A few years ago a telephone-boy for one of the largest firms in the Street changed an order to sell five thousand shares of Steel Common to a buying order. Just then Steel Common began to shoot up at an amazing rate. A profit of close to twenty thousand dollars was reaped from the five thousand shares that were bought against orders.

Of all the young beginners on Wall paper office. He was fourteen when he came to the Street. A year later he began to take fliers on the curb, where he doesn't have to have more than ten dollars to be a speculator.

He was only sixteen when he threw up his job as stock-runner and appeared in the curb-market as a full-fledged speculator. Right from the start luck was with him. He was shrewd, too, but it Street's ladder to riches, the boy who lives by his wits and is independent of his employers has the best chance. The most interesting study. Sometimes he is a stock-runner at thirty cents an hour; sometimes he carries special messages for brokers; sometimes he is an outside market speculating; but there are dozens of ways in which he makes his living, and often it is a surprisingly good living for a boy.

Thirty cents an hour isn't small pay for a boy of fifteen or sixteen when he can keep busy, but the free-lance isn't content with this. When he can, he manages to run for two or more firms at the same time, making sixty or ninety cents an hour.

Now and then he matches his wits against the brokers and reaps a rich harvest. One of his favorite schemes is to pass a package of stock-certificates or checks to a boy confederate and return to his employer's office with the announcement that he has lost it. In the course of a few minutes in comes the other boy with the package. The returner of valuable papers will receive a reward of at least twenty-five dollars and often much more.

This scheme was worked so often by the boy adventurers of Wall Street that some houses put up bars against them and refused to give them any more employment.

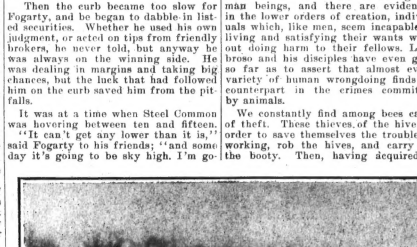
In the curb market are several boy financiers who have made fortunes. They started as stock-runners, most of them, but one was a newsboy. His name is John Schneck. He was in charge of the curb-market news-stand, and after selling papers to the brokers for two or three years he had absorbed a pretty good working knowledge of the way they did business. One day there was a new boy in charge of the news-stand, and John Schneck was inside the ropes dealing in stocks on commission. He made money. In a few months he was a trader on his own account. Then Nipissing began to climb upward. He had had his eyes on that stock for some time. Up and up it went, and it was still climbing when Schneck decided it was time to get out.

He had cleaned up almost thirty thousand dollars, and he was not twenty-one years old. He is still in the curb-market—a shrewd, cautious boy, making money more often than he loses, and banking his savings for use some day in buying a seat on the Exchange. It's a good deal better than selling newspapers.

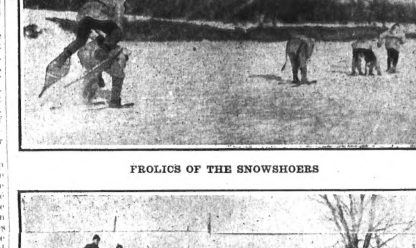
And then there was Ellis Fogarty, who used to be a stock-runner for John W. Gates. When Fogarty was twelve years old he was an office-boy in a newswas luck that did most of it. The wisest boy financier that ever lived could never wring a fortune from the curb without luck in large quantities. He got hold of some Western mining stocks just at the right time, and within a few months was worth several thousand dollars.

Then the curb became too slow for Fogarty, and he began to dabble in listed securities. Whether he used his own judgment, or acted on tips from friendly brokers, he never told, but anyway he was always on the winning side. He was dealing in margins and taking big chances, but the luck that had followed him on the curb saved him from the pitfalls.

It was at a time when Steel Common was hovering between ten and fifteen. "It can't get any lower than it is," said Fogarty to his friends; "and some day it's going to be sky high. I'm go-



FROLICS OF THE SNOWSHOERS



READY FOR A SNOWSHOE TRAMP

ing to plunge on it. It'll be up to sixty, within a year. Take my tip and buy.''

And he had no sooner bought than Steel went up and up and up. It was said that he got out with one hundred thousand dollars. At any rate, he had enough to satisfy him. He announced that he was through with Wall Street and was going to retire. He was then twenty-one years old.

A few months ago a curb-broker came back from a vacation in Europe.

"Do you remember that kid, Fogarty?" he said. "Well, I met him in Switzerland. And I'm a liar if he didn't have a wife and child and a valet and a maid. I asked him why he didn't come back and get in the game, and he said: 'No, I'm twenty-six years old now, and it's time I settled down to a life of ease.'''

As everywhere else, brains, energy, perseverance count most in Wall Street, but sheer luck has been responsible for the rise of more than one of the boys of that district.

There was a twenty-year-old stock runner who inherited twenty thousand dollars from the broker who had employed him. And everybody wondered what bad induced the broker to leave him so much money. The boy had never done anything unusual and had served the broker no better than a dozen other boys. Yet he wasn't so very lucky after all.

He had not had the money three months when he married. Six months later his wife got a divorce, with alimony that amounted to just the income of her husband's property. Now he is just about as well off as he was before he got his inheritance.

Almost always trouble looms ahead for the boy financier. If he amasses a small fortune before he is grown to manhood through some run of luck in the Street, it usually slips through his fingers in a short time. No matter how shrewd he may be for his years, the spirit of the gambler gets the better of him at last.

Yet there must be dozens of future millionaires among the boys of the Street today. They are not all taking chances with their savings. Like as not the future magnates will come from the steady, plodding kind, that one doesn't hear much about, rather than from the ranks of the sharp-witted young adventurers who belong to the world of romance.

THE SUFFRAGETTE IN ROMAN DAYS

IT will doubtless cause a shock to many to learn that the Suffragette trouble was not unknown to the Romans. In Scribner's Magazine Mr. F. F. Abbott tells us something of the agitation among the Roman women in the days of Cato:

"The bold methods which they used in carrying their plans to a successful issue shocked the sedate historian Livy, who tells us that the matrons could be kept at home neither by persuasion, nor by a sense of modesty, nor by the authority of their husbands. They blocked up all the streets of the city and the approaches to the forum, importuning men as they came down to the forum to vote for the restoration of their rights. The leader of the party opposed to them was Cato, who held display in dress and the new woman in like abhorrence. These are the two topics upon which he descants in his indignant speech against the repeal of the law. He cynically asks the women:

"'Are your ways more winning in public than in private? And yet not even at home ought you to concern yourselves with the laws which are passed or repealed here. Our fathers have not wished women to manage even their private affairs without the direction of a guardian; they have wanted them to be under the control of their parents, their brothers, and their husbands.''

FOUR-FOOTED CRIMINALS

AUTHORITIES seem to be agreed that crime is to be found among the lower animals as among human beings, and there are evidently, in the lower orders of creation, individuals which, like men, seem incapable of living and satisfying their wants without doing harm to their fellows. Lombroso and his disciples have even gone so far as to assert that almost every variety of human wrongdoing finds its counterpart in the crimes committed by animals.

We constantly find among bees cases of theft. These thieves of the hive, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, rob the hives, and carry off the booty. Then, having acquired a taste for robbery and violence, they form regular colonies of bandit bees.

Curiously enough, it has been ascertained that these little enemies to law and order may be artificially produced by the simple process of giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. They become morose and irritable and, after a short course of the mixture, lose all desire to work, and, finally, when they become hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

Owners of doves assert that in almost every dove-cote there are birds that try to obtain material for their nests by abstracting straws that have been collected by others. These amiable thieves are not only lazy, but untrustworthy as well.

Murder is not uncommon among animals, murder in the case of the term employed for that kind of killing which has nothing to do with the struggle for existence, but arises from malice pure and simple or from jealousy. Storks, it is said, frequently kill members of the flock which, at the time of migration, either refuse to follow them or are unable to do so.

We have the word of a distinguished veterinary surgeon that in every regiment of cavalry one may find horses which rebel against discipline, and, if no opportunity to escape them of doing harm either to man or to their fellows. In dealing with these horses, it is always necessary to take on one's guard, and it is often imperative to separate them from the others in the stable, as they try to steal their companions' food. What is still more curious is that their skulls have an abnormal formation, the foreheads being narrow and retreating.

POOR GOAT

There was a goat in our town
And he was wondrous thin,
And yet wherever food was, he
Was always butting in.

And when he found the food was gone,
He never acted blue—
He merely ate the dishes, and
He ate the table, too.

He ate a family washing and
The clothesline at a bite;
And then he ate a whetstone, just
To whet his appetite.

He might have been there eating yet,
But that's an open question—
He ate a box of breakfast food
And died of indigestion!

MARCH, THE STORMY

(By George J. Hagar)

MARCH was originally the first month in the year, but in the various rearrangements of the calendar it became the third, though, in some parts of the world, it is still reckoned the first. When it was the first month, the year began on the twenty-fifth. That day was the legal beginning of the year in England till 1752, when Parliament ordered that the year should begin on January 1; but in Scotland the year, prior to 1752, began on January 1. This difference led to difficulty in fixing exact dates of notable occurrences; hence, many events in January, February, and a part of March, by new style dates, as in 1745-6, March is noted for dryness and blustering winds in its early days, and marks the beginning of another of nature's years.

The ides of March, in the Roman calendar, occurred on the fifteenth, and, at that day was the anniversary of Caesar's death, it was observed as a day of mourning, and the Senate held no session. It is said that the great Napoleon was frequently cautioned to "beware the ides of March."

The "Field of March" was the name given to assemblies of the Frankish people, under arms, held in France under the Merovingian kings every year in this month. Under Pepin the Short the time of meeting was changed to May.

The sacred year of the Jews begins in March, and the feast of Azymes, or unleavened bread, occurs on the fourteenth of the month Nizan, or March 29.

Romulus is said to have named this month after his supposed father, Mars; but the people of Italy had a period of time bearing this name before his day.

The changes in the weather have given the month various proverbs:

"As mad as a March hare" (i.e., as mad as possible).

"A dry March never begs its bread" (typifying prosperity).

"It comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb."

"A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

The Scotch have a saying that "Mareh borrows three days of April and they are ill;" and these days are thus described in "The Complaynt of Scotland":

The first, it shall be wind and weet;
The next, it shall be snow and sleet;
The third, it shall be ste a freeze,
Sall gar the birdis cease to the trees.

The gem of the month is the dark green, red-streaked form of the jasper; flower, the violet; tree, the juniper.

March is portrayed as a man of a tawny color, severe aspect, with a helmet on his head—as far typical of Mars—while, appropriate to the season, he is represented leaning on a spade, holding nimond blossoms and scions in his left hand, with a basket of seeds on his arm, and in his right hand the sign of Aries, the Ram, which the sun enters on the twentieth of the month. The ram also, by the increased power of the sun's rays, which, in ancient hieroglyphics, were expressed by the horns of animals.

In the relation of the constellations to the anatomy of the human body March controls the feet—under the sign of Pisces—till the twentieth, and the head and face—under that of Aries—from the twenty-first.

Persons born under the sign of Aries may expect prosperity, fidelity, dutiful children, and many liberal friends, but will be more or less hot-headed, unless Mercury should be one of the planets, when they will be quite amiable. Jupiter and Venus are fortunate, and Mars and Saturn unfortunate planets for such persons to be born under. Should Venus be the only morning star at the time of birth, such persons will have many love-affairs. Persons born in March should marry with those born in January, September, or October, and begin all important affairs in May or June. Males may expect success in life before their thirty-fifth year, and females will be very domesticated.

If this year's anniversary of your birthday falls on the 1st, 9th, 11th, 17th, 19th, or 29th, you may count on general good luck throughout the year; if on the 1st, 4th, 5th, 8th, 11th, 15th, 17th, 21st, or 26th, you will be especially fortunate in business affairs; if on the 7th, 10th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 25th, or 29th, you will have a troublesome, unsettled, and more or less disadvantageous year in business, with sickness and disappointments in your family.

The greatest prosperity in business and happiness in domestic concerns will come to those whose anniversaries fall on the 11th and 17th. Those whose anniversaries fall on the 13th, 20th, or 23rd, should avoid traveling and business and home changes on the 3rd, 6th, 9th, 12th, 19th, 22nd, 30th, and 31st, should neither speculate nor lend money; on the 4th, 16th, 27th, and 31st, should not go to law.

Males born this year on the 1st, 5th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 21st, 26th or 30th, will be clever, persevering, generally successful in business, and will rise in life; on the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, or 31st, will be restless, unsettled, hard to manage, quick in temper, careless in dispositions, and unfortunate in business, and will have much trouble in their employment and domestic life. Females born on the 14th or 15th will be very fortunate in wedlock; on the 3rd, 10th, 13th, 20th, or 29th, unhappy therein; on the 28th or 31st, will have kind but unfortunate husbands.

According to early English calendars, Noah entered the ark on the 17th. The first omnibus service was started in France on the 18th, 1662; first daily newspaper brought out in London, 11th, 1702; first number of the London Spectator issued, 1st, 1711; first inoculation for small-pox, Belgrade, 18th, 1718; first ascent in a hydrogen balloon with wings and rudder, Paris, 2nd, 1784; first battle of ironclads—the Monitor and Merrimac, Hampton Roads, 9th, 1862; first exhibition Bell telephone, 15th, 1877; first international convention of women, Washington, 26th, 1888. Pope Leo XIII. was born, 2nd, 1810; Grover Cleveland, 18th, 1837; William Jennings Bryan, 19th, 1860.

During the current year March will observe Mid-Lent (or Mothering) Sunday on the 6th; St. Patrick's Day, 17th; Palm Sunday, and beginning of Spring, 20th; Maundy Thursday, 24th; Good Friday and Festival of the Annunciation of the Virgin, 25th; Holy Saturday, Rome, 26th; and Easter Sunday, 27th.

In the astronomical world March will have Mercury, Venus and Uranus for morning stars, and Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune for evening stars. Venus will be brightest on the 18th—19th; Jupiter on the 31st. The moon's phases, by Eastern Standard time, will be: Last quarter, 2h. 52m. a.m. on the 7th; new moon, 7h. 12m. a.m. on the 11th; first quarter, 10h. 37m. p.m. on the 17th; full moon, 3h. 20m. p.m. on the 25th.

THE JARR FAMILY

A Ferocious Monster Has Invaded Their Domicile

OH, HOKEY!'' cried the little Jarr boy in great glee. ''It's come! My alligator's come!''

The expressman had just delivered a small wooden box, the top covered with wire gauze.

''I want an alligator! I want an alligator!'' shrieked the little Jarr girl.

''Now, Emma, you must be good,'' said Mrs. Jarr, holding her back. ''I'm sure Willie is a kind and loving little brother and will let you play with the alligator Mrs. Hickett has sent him from Florida.''

''Naw, I won't!'' said little Willie, doggedly. ''I'm goin' to make it bite her.''

''I'm sure I'm afraid to open the box,'' said Mrs. Jarr; ''and if I wasn't I wouldn't open it, if that's the way you talk to your little sister.''

''Well, it's my alligator,'' grumbled the little boy. ''Do I want to play with her dolls? Why does she want to play with my alligator? Let me open the box, Maw; I ain't afraid.''

''They carry off the little colored children. Really, I'm—I'm afraid of the dreadful thing,'' said Mrs. Jarr, eyeing with alarm the limp little amphibian hardly discernable through the gauze.

''Shucks! I ain't afraid!'' said the little boy, boldly. ''I got a knife.''

But he was noticed that he kept a respectful distance from the box.

''It was awfully sweet of Mrs. Hickett remembering you and sending you the alligator,'' said Mrs. Jarr. ''But I know I will be in terror of my life from it.''

At this juncture Uncle Henry, the Jarr's rural relative, still sojourning in the great city, entered.

''Uncle Henry, you're just in time!'' cried Mrs. Jarr. ''Mrs. Hickett has sent our Willie an alligator from Florida. Will you open the box and take it out and put it in a pan of water for him?''

''In the bath tub! Put it in the bath tub!'' cried the little boy.

''You wouldn't ketch me touchin' the thing with a ten-foot pole!'' said Uncle Henry. ''I ain't afeared o' varmints that I'm acquainted with. I'll walk up to a rattlesnake with a bean pole and lam him to a frazzle. I fit a painter with a pocket knife once, and though I got scratched and clawed up pritty badly I got a dollar from the county for his skelp. But I wouldn't tech one of them foreign pizen insecks for no money!

The children were listening with open eyes.

''Did you pull the painter off his ladder when you stabbed him, Uncle Henry?'' asked the little boy. ''Mr. Slavinsky is a painter, was it him?''

''I'm speakin' of a fee-ro-shus animal,'' said Uncle Henry. ''Pike County and Clinton County ust ter be full of them painters and catter mounts before the timber was cut down off the mountings— But, as I says, I wouldn't tech any of them foreign pizen insecks.''

''Why, it's only a little bit of a thing,'' said Mrs. Jarr, mustering up enough courage to look in the box.

''Stand back fer yer life!'' cried Uncle Henry. ''These foreign pizen insecks kin blow the venom on their breath and kill ye whare you stand!''

''Oooch!'' exclaimed the little girl, running to her mother and hiding her head under her mother's apron.

''What's the venom that he throws?'' asked the little boy in delicious fear. ''Is it his stinger or his quills—like a porcupine throws?''

''It's his breath which is death!'' said Uncle Henry, not knowing he was speaking in rhyme. ''All them foreign pizen insecks kin blow their venom on you that way.''

''Oh, why did Mrs. Hickett send us such a dreadful thing!'' cried Mrs. Jarr.

Willie, go whistle for the janitor and tell him to come and throw it in the furnace!''

''I'll make it a pet and he won't poison me. He'll only poison other people,'' he began.

Mrs. Jarr was about to summon the janitor herself when Mr. Jarr came in. They all began to shout to him at once to keep away from the box, as there was a deadly alligator in it.

''Nonsense!'' said Mr. Jarr.

And he ripped the gauze cover off the box and lifted into view the pathetic figure of a very starved looking little alligator, some ten inches long and quite dead.

''There, you see!'' cried Uncle Henry triumphantly. ''He's jest held his breath and killed hisself!''

A MAN who was traveling in the Ozark Mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. ''What's the news?'' asked the mountaineer, as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.

On finding that what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveler asked why he did not take some weekly or monthly periodical that he might keep in touch with the world at large.

''Wal,'' said the old native, ''when my pa died, nine years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high''—indicating a height of about three feet—''and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet.''

New York-Alberta Land Co.

We have several thousand acres of choice improved and unimproved land for sale in this district. If you are thinking of making a purchase call and see us. We can quote you some interesting prices.

Agents for the celebrated E.M.F. and Flanders' Automobiles.

We are in a position to buy either farm land or town property.

D. W. COULTER - - - Manager
(Office over new Bank of Hamilton)

BANK OF HAMILTON

It is Not Greater Income That You Need, So Much as the Habit of Saving

How much of your income have you left over, at the end of the year?

Old age is approaching for all of us—are you making provision for it?

It is not difficult to accumulate money, once you commence.

The best way to commence is to open a Savings Account.

Open one to-day—at the nearest branch of the BANK OF HAMILTON.

Interest credited—at highest current rates—on deposits of $1.00 and upwards.

W. H. LECK - Agent
TABER, ALTA.

Head Office, HAMILTON

Capital Paid-up - - -	$2,500,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits -	2,900,000
Total Assets - - - -	over 35,000,000

Sport

Nick Bawlf, the Winnipeg boy who is now in Ottawa and has made his name in eastern athletic circles both at football, baseball and on the running track, is after the big stars. Since he turned out with Haileybury last winter he has been barred from amateur athletics and now he wants to take on Postle and Cartmell, the crack professional sprinters. It can hardly be anticipated that Nick would have any chance with either of these two, though he has more than once showed class when he donned the spiked shoe. As an amateur in the spring last year Bawlf reached the final of the hundred yards with Bobbie Kerr and beat the Hamiltonian for 50 yards of the distance before dropping back to run a dead heat for the bronze medal. That was in the C.A.A.U. championships.

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The ring in which Jeff is to box daily has arrived in his training camp in the Santa Cruz mountains and was put in position by Farmer Burns and Bob Armstrong recently. Although Jeff may not know it, it is the identical ring which Jack Johnson used at his training quarters near Emeryville when training for Al. Kaufman. This was learned from the parties who shipped the ring to Rowardennan from Oakland. It means that the ropes and stakes into which Bob Armstrong and Farmer Burns will bump when hard pressed by Jeff, are the same ring boundaries against which Johnson used to force big Dave Mills and Young Peter Jackson.

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Sydney, N.S.W., April 11.—Tommy Burns won on points from Bill Lang, heavyweight champion of Australia, in the 12th round of their fight for the Australian title to-day.

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Chief interest in the Burns-Lang bout fought at Sydney, Australia, in which the Canadian heavyweight champion won the decision over his Australian rival in twenty rounds, was derived from the fact that Burns is the man whose defeat by Jack Johnson earned for the American colored pugilist the title of heavyweight champion of the world, and afforded him an opportunity to meet James J. Jeffries.

Johnson met Lang at Melbourne on March 4, 1907, and easily whipped the Victorian pugilist in nine rounds. At Sydney on Dec. 26, 1908, Johnson defeated Burns, who had claimed the heavyweight title since it was relinquished by Jeffries. This fight was stopped in the fourteenth round when Burns was practically helpless. Lang had won the Australian title by knocking out Bill Squires, his fellow countryman, on Oct. 25 last.

The decision was not popular for though Burns had the better of the fight for ten rounds he weakened in the latter half of the fight while Lang rallied. The weather was fine and the fight was witnessed by 17,000 persons. The betting was 3 to 1 on Burns when the men entered the ring. Burns tipped the scales at 181 pounds and Lang at 188. The referee was Hugh McIntosh.

LACROSSE

Tuesday night the lacrosse enthusiasts met in the parlor of the Palace Hotel to discuss the prospects of the game in Taber for 1910. About fifteen gentlemen were present, creating a record for a sports meeting here.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—Hon. Pres., A. J. McLean; Pres., Robert Anderson; Vice-Pres., Mayor Douglas; Sec.-Treas., Roy Stanley; Manager, B. W. Wright; Captain, Archie Clendinning.

The membership fee is $1 and Messrs. Moe and Mitchell are a committee appointed to approach the business men for subscriptions in aid of the club.

It is the hope of the club that sufficient support will be tendered to enable them to make application for, and to secure membership in the Southern Alberta League.

The practice nights are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Forest Scenes in Canada

Monday night at the Palm Theatre saw the largest crowd that has turned out in Taber to anything of recent date. The attraction was the visit of Abraham Knechtel, Inspector of Dominion Forest Reserves, who delivered popular lecture on "Forest Scenes in Canada." Dissolving views of the finest that could be obtained were used to illustrate the lecture.

Mayor Douglas opened the proceedings for the evening with a few words of welcome to Mr. Knechtel, as the representative of the Dominion Government, and expressed the pleasure of the audience and of himself at being favored by the presence of Mr. Knechtel and forthwith introduced him to the audience.

Mr. Knechtel, throughout the evening, proved his thorough practical knowledge of the subject in hand. He gave the plain story of forestry in language that was readily understood by all, and gave facts and figures to substantiate his statements. The views thrown upon the screen, being in their natural colors, and describing the actual conditions, could not fail to interest the audience, but at the same time prove an unusual source of information and an education. The views included forests, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, trees, flowers, birds, fire fighting, lumbering, etc. There were scenes from France, Germany, Switzerland, etc. Possibly those drawing most attention were the sunrise and sunset views.

Just in the immediate vicinity of Taber we cannot boast of very much in the shape of trees. It may possibly be thought that farmers and city people do not care very much about them, but the interest shown on Monday night in this lecture entirely dispels any doubt on that score, and leaves the impression that the beautiful things of nature are as lovely in the minds of the people as ever they were.

We feel sure that all will appreciate the suggestions and advice given by Mr. Knechtel regarding the advisability of instituting a commission for the city of Taber for the purpose of getting to work and arranging to make Taber beautiful by the introduction of trees along all the streets. We are aware that this has been in the minds of some of the citizens for some time past, and we should therefore like to see something done in this direction. Space forbids us enlarging upon this at present.

In the course of his lecture, Mr. Knechtel treated the subject under the following heads:—

(1) The primeval forest and its treatment by the early settlers.

(2) The benefit of the forest to mankind—it furnishes wood, feeds springs, prevents floods, shelters from storms, gives health and recreation, protects the game and fish, and gives the country æsthetic features.

How the forest can best be protected.

At the conclusion of the lecture an opportunity was given for questions. Only two questions, however, were asked.

The concluding picture was a very fine portrait of our King. As this was shown upon the screen the audience joined in singing the National Anthem.

MARRIAGE

Mr. Harry L. Miles and Miss Netta C., daughter of Mr., John Jespersen, Taber, were married on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. E. B. Tainter, in the presence of a goodly gathering of relations and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. R. Munro. Mr. and Mrs. Miles, we understand, will reside on the farm, 23 miles north of the River.

"Who's Who —AND— What's What In the West"

THE SPECIAL EDITION SUPPLEMENT OF

THE TABER FREE PRESS

With a Five Thousand Circulation which may be doubled.

A Complete Write-up of Taber and the District.

Fully Illustrated, and Printed on the Finest Book Paper.

The accepted best medium for personal and business advertising in the West to-day.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR SPACE.

THE TABER FREE PRESS

Around Town

It is said that twelve thousand farm hands could find employment in the west this year. Taber needs a deal of unskilled labor this summer and one of the questions of the hour is not, what will we do? but, what can we do with the undertakings in hand?

×

What with a Waterworks System to cost between $45,000 and $55,000, a gas exploitation $15,000, hospital $22,750.95, Presbyterian Church $3,500, Catholic Church $2,500, a baker's dozen private homes, several business blocks, and other improvements, Taber will be a busy town this summer.

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We beg to call attention to our advertisement on the back page, of "Who's Who and What's What in the West, the book which is in preparation in the Free Press as a special supplement for the early summer. This will be the third edition of the book since it was copyrighted, and will be the best one to date. It is owned and controlled by H. Lake and is intended in this instance to cover the district of Taber for subject matter, and the whole of the Northern States, with Minneapolis as a pivotal point, for distribution. In its form it is a better advertising medium than a special issue of a newspaper, and has been adopted by the California and Oregon Chambers of Commerce as essential to their publicity needs. Next week we will begin an active canvass. Those who have already received a prospectus will understand what we require.

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MR. H. S. BOTTS, THE ARTIST OF THE FREE PRESS STAFF, WHO WAS ARRESTED LAST WEEK FOR STEALING WATERMELONS FROM THE GARDEN OF H. H. MACKEAY. MR. BOTTS NEARLY LOST HIS JOB WITH US.

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Every time I feel like cussing a man to a primal finish and consigning his hereafter to a region where the climate is torrid—and regular, I compromise on forcing him to spend the rest of his natural days in a hotel as a regular boarder. Then the name of the hotel is suggested, and that qualifies the Hell.

It is a wonder some smart woman who understands the game, does not come into Taber and open a first class rooming and boarding house. The hotels here are up to the mark, but not for the regular boarder. The fact is that he is not at all welcome. The transients pay better, and naturally the regular meal-ticket is forced to accept the treatment offered—or get out. He has no say in the matter.

I have often wondered if Taber has awakened to a sense of her duty in this regard. It is impossible to secure rooms in private homes. The reason is not apparent. There is nothing about renting a furnished room to a lady or gentleman, that is conducive to a lowering of the home standard. The best homes in Calgary with a room to spare have that room rented. There is something more than the mere rental to be received that should prompt the accommodation. The people have a certain duty in this respect that sooner or later they must shoulder. Sure they have.

Local and General

A movement is on hand to form a business men's club in Taber.

T. A. Underwood, of Grassy Lake, was a business visitor to town on Monday.

The new furniture store on Hough Street opens for business to-morrow. (Friday.)

TO RENT.—Small House. Also two upstairs rooms. Apply, Alec Campbell.

C. C. Wright and wife, and Mr. Gillespie of Fernie, B.C., spent the week end with B. W. Wright of this city.

Those who have made the effort to locate Halley's Comet at 5.30 a.m. this past week have not been wholly rewarded.

The Reverend Mr. Robinson the apostle of the cent-a-day mission movement, preached in Knox Church on Sunday evening last.

D. M. Kimball of Grassy Lake, visited Taber this week. The new car Don drives shortens the distance between the two centres.

Contractor Wildman reports building reasonably brisk. In town he has the Malo buildings and fences, but the most of his work is in the country.

Constable Coleridge, R.N.W.M.P., of Grassy Lake, was in town on business this last week. The prairie fires of late have kept him pretty much on the move.

Has anyone seen Pat Burns—the Contractor, on the streets of Taber this week? He was scheduled for this last Monday. He can be noticed as thick ,brief and to the point.

The Malo Lumber yards and sheds are in the course of construction and will be finished in a few days. It is Mr. Malo's purpose to keep his output up to a very desirable standard.

The additions to the Royal Hotel are now almost completed. The furnishings of the new bedrooms are quite up to the mark. The two highly coloured seats on the verandah are quite inviting.

We own and have for sale at right prices more than 30 sections of choice land lying to the southeast of Taber and south of Grassy Lake. Always in the market for good wholesale tracts from owners. Write ATLANTIC-PACIFIC LAND SYNDICATE, head office, Minneapolis, or call main field office, 2nd Floor, Alberta Block, Lethbridge.

The Star Theatre has closed down for the summer season, and the Palm Theatre has put on a bigger and better show than ever. On Saturday night the pictures were excellent and on Tuesday evening the programme was extended into an hour and a half. Mrs. Judson is singing the picture songs, and entertaining with her ragtime and popular music. The Sunset Orchestra has been engaged for the summer at this cosy little theatre, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson are to be congratulated on their future prospects. They have played the game fairly and won on their merits. Some night, gentle reader, when you want to be entertained go over and sit in the shade of the sheltering Palms.

Boulders and Bouquets

Last week's issue of the TABER FREE PRESS was the second one under the present management, and was markedly different from all preceding ones in that it attracted special comment, some favorable and some unfavorable to us.

It came much after the order of the following, and we hand it on believing that it typifies an ordinary town's appreciation of an effort to establish a paper within its limits. The names are witheld for apparent reasons.

"The best issue of a paper ever presented in Taber."

"It comes to the standard of the best in the Province."

"Our ad. in this issue is the best I ever saw."

"Our ad. was a winner. I am sending several copies East."

"You are a four flusher, and while the make-up of your paper is good, yet it is a mile from being interesting."

"So you are the Outlaw! Your Free Press is not general enough to make as interesting reading as The Outlaw, but your town will be advertised by your paper."

"I sent back your paper because I don't want it."

"I can get all the town news I want from the paper I now take."

"The Free Press is the best local paper in Southern Alberta."

So there you are. They caught us coming and going. These are men in town that won't do business with us because the plant has changed hands so often. Others, because of our name. Others, because of our prices for advertising space, and some for no special reason at all. So it goes. Glory be, however we are beating the game, honorably, like men, living—not existing, making a profit and establishing ourselves decently and in order, and really we don't give three whoops to do business at all if we can't do it that way.